

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Between Hancock st., West End, and
Castle St., Theatre, lady's gold watch and chain.
Found by Mrs. J. H. Jones, 70 M^o. Main.

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, JULY 28, 1906

Wall Street's

Interesting Motto:

You Can't Boke or Build the Government, THEN SWINDLE IT

And money is transferred in every other gambling house in very much the same manner.

Part of Wall street's real character and real "business principle" MAY BE STUDIED IN THIS REVELATION ABOUT THE WALL STREET STAMP SWINDLE.

The State of New York, as you know, decided to tax the transactions of gamblers in brokers' offices.

Shares sold back and forth "on margin" represent mere gambling, as everybody knows. And a tax—very small considering that Wall street has the biggest gambling privilege in the world—is put upon these speculations.

At first the gentlemen in the street said they wouldn't pay.

They also said that it was an outrage; it was unconstitutional; it was an attack upon our nobler citizenship, etc.

Finally they gave up building. They gave up their efforts to have the bill killed in Albany by bribery. THEY PRETENDED TO SUBMIT.

But, being unable to bribe or to bulldoze, they have resorted to the THIRD plan of defence, of the "respectable business man hating taxation," and have started in to cheat the government.

Stamps represented the State tax in Wall street.

And one single little investigation has shown a swindle of a quarter of a million in these stamps—nobody knows HOW much the swindle really is.

Stamps have been washed with chemicals and used over and over again.

Some men—THEY WILL PROBABLY TURN OUT TO BE VERY SMALL FRY—have been arrested for selling the washed swindling stamps.

SHALL WE EVER LIVE THE NAMES OF THE RESPECTABLE GENTLEMEN THAT BOUGHT THE SWINDLING STAMPS AND USED THEM?

No man could make money washing these stamps and cheating in that way EXCEPT WITH THE CONNIVANCE OF SOME EMINENTLY RESPECTABLE WALL STREET GAMBLING INSTITUTION COMMONLY CALLED A BROKER'S OFFICE.

How many of the brokers in Wall street have been cheating in this way? What will be done to find out about them?

What will be done to get back the money stolen from the State? Nothing, of course. But may we at least hope that for a while there will be fewer moral platitudes about honesty and the splendid "American commercial honor" dealt out to the public via Wall street?

There is nothing at all surprising in this swindling of the government by Wall street brokers.

There are in Wall street, as elsewhere, honorable men. But it may be perfectly frankly said that they are rarer in Wall street than in many other places.

The professional gambler is never very far from being a professional or occasional thief. It is largely a question OF HIS PROSPERITY.

Nobody knows better than the Wall street man how gambling lends to thievery—in their case and in the cases of others.

EACH OF THEM TRIES TO COMPEL HIS PARTNER NEVER TO GAMBLE ON THE EXCHANGE. Each is pretty sure who would instantly dismiss any clerk caught operating in a broker's office.

The fact that men didn't want to pay a tax, and had to pay it, should be caught stealing from the government isn't at all surprising. Gambling destroys the moral sense, and the men—there are many—who remain honest in Wall street must possess great native integrity.

As to the justice of the tax, there can be no question of it whatever.

If a little saloonkeeper can be taxed twelve hundred dollars every year in New York City, then surely any man running a gambling establishment in Wall street might well be taxed twelve thousand.

Every broker will tell you that he would far rather see his son go ten times into any saloon than ONCE into a broker's office to gamble.

If he goes into a saloon many times HE MAY COME OUT WISER.

When he goes into a broker's office he is pretty sure to leave there his money, his hopes and his future. If there ever was an institution that might well be taxed for the public's benefit, and, if possible, taxed out of existence, it is the out-and-out Wall street gambling institution.

If there ever was a place where swindling of the government by stamps or otherwise is natural and appropriate, it is in that same Wall street gambling place.

Another Bobby Burns

By James J. Montague

YOU know that when that old but around our street all day.

As little "stuffer" to the kids, an "after" babies play?

Well, say! If he'd be home alone, he'd say that he could write.

Some things he'd make the world set up a chuckle with delight.

If he sobered up he'd be another Bobby Burns.

He'd be writing what you see, he'd be a very useful tool.

But that don't make no difference, for he's certain that he could.

He's no fond of "boots" or of "water" youngsters play.

An' "loadin'" whiskey into him, it always seems some way.

He never gets no time to tend to writing, conversing with.

And so nobody knows that he's another Bobby Burns.

NEVER heard of Bobby Burns—'an' maybe he could beat.

That poor old chap at writin'—but the kids along our street.

Would rather see him sittin' there a-smokin' babies smile.

Then all the Bobby Burns you could find to half a mile.

We hope he'll quit the booze some day, for we can see he yearns.

To sober up 'n' git to be another Bobby Burns.

Little Editorials from the People

HONOR TO THE MOTHERS

EDITOR BOSTON AMERICAN:

IN THE SUNDAY AMERICAN of the 12th I saw your editorial about the mothers of

that men and the picture of the old mother

in the background. Of all your good editorial, that, in my mind, was far the best.

It did me good to read it.

That editorial had a great deal of rugged common sense in it, a great deal of true words, and I wish it might be read by every person in America, to the end that

for loved and more respected and their true worth better appreciated. May you ever be as good and as true as you are.

Very truly yours, MRS. E. C. WRIGHT.

North HAVEN, CT.

ARE EXPRESS MATRONS EXHIBITANT

EDITOR BOSTON AMERICAN:

Some time please write an article on the

express charges of the American Express company. These high prices are

as are the low as usual. I wish

VACATION? OH, WHAT'S THE USE?

BY T. E. POWERS

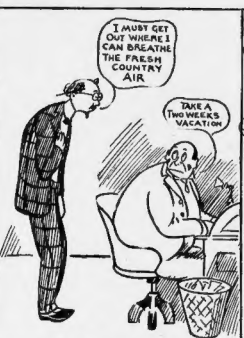
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WHY LEAVE YOUR COOL COMFORTABLE HOME



FOR THIS KIND OF REST AND RECREATION



TAKE A TWO WEEKS VACATION



WHY LEAVE YOUR COOL COMFORTABLE HOME



TAKING EXERCISE



TAKE A TWO WEEKS VACATION



THE HALL-ROOM BOYS

THEY DO IT ON \$11.50 PER

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WHY LEAVE YOUR COOL COMFORTABLE HOME



TAKING EXERCISE



WHY LEAVE YOUR COOL COMFORTABLE HOME



TAKING EXERCISE



WHY LEAVE YOUR COOL COMFORTABLE HOME



TAKING EXERCISE

MR. G. WHATAWAD TRIES ONE OF HIS FINE CIGARS

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

She Reads a Lesson to a Woman Who Is Wasting Opportunities to Be of Use to Her Fellow Beings

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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HERE are forty thousand people still sleeping in tents and in the streets in San Francisco.

Thousands of these had been accustomed to the luxury and all the benefits of civilization until this catastrophe deprived them of homes and in many cases of relatives and friends.

Yet these people are meeting the sorrows and hardships of their lot with a fortitude and cheerfulness unparalleled in the history of man.

It is one thing to read of these things and another to go through them. Let their lives not be forgotten by those who are actively sympathetic.

Benefits and testimonials for the alleviation of the San Francisco sufferers and women will be in order all Summer.

But the money should be used in such a way that there can be no question of the honest and rightful distribution.

In contrast with the bravery and optimism of the San Francisco people is the conduct of a woman of wealth not many miles from where I am sitting.

This woman was left widowed and in possession of a large fortune something like ten years ago.

Her sons are married; one daughter the mother resolved should be her life companion, and in order to insure herself of this companionship she decided that this daughter must never marry.

Guarded and defended from the attention of suitors, the young woman passed her time in travelling about the world with her mother. Finally she became nervous wreck, as is oftentimes the case with women who are without any occupation for their minds or any outlet for their energies.

She became a victim of melancholia and is under treatment by specialists.

It is natural for the sexes to associate. In the daily wholesome companionship and comradeship of men and women there is a richness of vital magnetism which is absolutely necessary for a normal condition of mind and body.

One mother kept her daughter from such association, and added to this, she ignored the fact that continual companionship of the younger person with an older one of the same sex means the maturity of the younger one eventually.

It is the duty of every woman who enters the world as a right to her liberty in the matter of making friends and the opportunity to meet her mate.

Any mother who deprives her daughter of such privileges is her worst enemy. I would rather a thousand times be one of the homeless women sleeping in the San Francisco streets and suffering all other evils of the same sex means the maturity of the younger one eventually.

For this woman is destroying her own life by selfishness and ambition. She is ruining her hopes of happiness here and hereafter.

They are slaves who fear to speak for the fallen and the weak.

LOWELL